Light streamed from pole to pole, The air became perfume, And all my barren soul Burst into green and bloom.

Oh, hour that bankrupts joy, But perfect nature's plan— This morn I was a boy And now I am a man. Stars, let me bear you shout! Oh, leaves, hang not so still! Word, call your music out! My love has said, "I will!"

My hope has then come tru:—

He loves me, so he said:
How fast my pulses flew—
My cheek, it burned, how red!

Some things I seemed to hear, And some I seemed to see; Was z through eye or ear He told his heart to me?

So high he seemed to stand, My hope grew faint and dim; His love came like a hand And drew me up to him.

Within me, all is light— How, why, I cannot say; For me, night is not night, And day is more than day! And thus my hope comes true— Oh, hope how faint and dim! And so what can I do But love and live for him?

KATY DID FIND THE BEAR'S HOUSE.

"Where you doin, Tousin Taty?" piped a tow-headed urchin, as he hung upon the gate, beside which stood a handsome horse, whose flashing eyes, small, nervous ears, and restless motions spoke as plainly as words his impatience to be going. His chestnut coat was like satin; dark in the shade, but with a

"Oh, there's not a bit of danger, aunty. If I should get lost, which I don't propose to do, the horse won't. He'll bring me back all right. Won't you, old fellow?"-stooping from her saddle and patting his glossy neck. "You'll not see me again till tea time, mind that," she shouted back, as she

tries of the West, there was some-thing so new and delicious, and alluring in the shadowy stillness of the pines, their murmurous whispering, and spicy breath, that she rode on and on, oblivious slike of time and distance; now threading some old unused "wood head by interlacing branches, and carpeted underfoot with the "needles" of the pine, and now emerging suddenly "Fifteen miles!" echoed Katy, aghast. the pine, and now emerging suddenly into a grassy opening—once a cultivated field—with the remains of a human habme? That unprincipled brute must have itation yet visible-a heap of broken come straight here. bricks, an old well, an apple tree or two, and a clump of sweet briar-and then

She bethought herself at last to look at her watch, and was thunderstruck to find that she had been out two hours, one whom you can send with me?" and that it was past 4 o'clock. Her aunt's tea honr was 5, so quickly turning her horse's head, she gave him the rein and began retracing her steps, chiding herself severely for the anxiety which ther long absence would cause her aunt.

"Come, Barney, my lad!" said she, " let us get home, now, as quickly as we can. We'll leave the bear's house till another time. It was your part of the contract to take me home, you remem-ber; so the responsibility of our getting there safely, rests entirely upon you. I wash my hands of the affair altogether."

And well she might, for she was perfectly at a loss herself as to the direction, even, she ought to take; for, during the last hour, the clouds had been gradually thickening, so that now the sun was totally obscured. After riding half an hour or so, she began to suspect that they were not upon the road over which they had just past. She soon be-came assured of it. But what of that?" the reasoned. "There are so many roads, and they all run into or cross each other, sometime or other. It's all right, I dere say, Barney knows, of course; and we'll be home all in good time yet -- and none too soon either ;' she adde!, glancing up at the clouds, "for it will rain within ha'f an hour, or I'm mataken.

Another half hour of brisk ri ing, and still no familiar landmark appeared. Kate's dark brown eyes widened a little with the unc-rtaint, of the situation, but she was not in the least dismayed. She had long ago, by her ready wit, presence of mini under difficulties, and ability to "take e read herself," carned the sobriquet among her friends, of Kate the Dann'l st;" and now, although she real zed that she had been guilty of a very foo'ish thing in thus venturing int a strange country, trusting to the sagacity of her horse to guide her back, still she lelt no fear and even thought she would rather enjoy an ad-venture of some kind, one that she could afterward relate-so that it did not prove of too serious a nature. So she dashed boldly on, wherever Barney's inclination directed. It was near sunset when they merged into a well-traveled but rather narrow and sandy roadway. Here Barney halted, raised his head and gave voice to a loud and joyful neigh, and then dashed off along the sandy track at

the very top of his speed.
"Good!" ejaculated Katy, thinking
they were nearly home at last; but what was fer surprise when in about ten n ses time she suddenly found her and I shall stay with you."

ing, where in the gathering dusk she distinguished what she took to be a saw-mill, and at a little distance two or three dwelling houses. Before she had hardly time to collect her thoughts, Bar-

hardly time to collect her thoughts, Barney had cleared the space between them and the gate of the largest of these latter, where he proclaimed their presence by another resounding neigh.

"Well done, sir," said Katy. "You've announced me very becomingly, I must say!" And then, after waiting a few moments, she continued, suiting the action to the word, "Well, as no one seems disposed to appear, I think I'll dismount and go in!"

She knocked twice or thrice at the open door, and receiving no answer,

open door, and receiving no answer, stepped inside out of the rain, whispering to herself as she did so, "And the old bears were not at home!"

A supper table, neatly laid for one person, stood in the middle of the room, and at one side there was a parlor organ; open and with a variety of sheet music scattered over the keys. Katy was seized with an insane desire to seat herself and play a tune; but before she had time to do so wild a thing, she heard a strong springing step outside, a glad whinney from Barney, and a cheery "Hello, old fellow! You here?" in reply. "By and by the old bears came home," thought Katy, and smiled, as a portly figure darkened the doorway, and the same cheery voice that had greeted Barney, said, "Good-evening! I suppose there's some one here—it's too dark to see. I'll have a light directly. I've just been out to get my daily allow-ance of milk. My housekeeper has left me alone for a few days, and I am enjoying the luxury of waiting upon myself. I like it well enough, but I get a trifle behind hand with my culinary operations sometimes."

Talking on in this strain, he pro-ceeded to light the lamp, and placing it upon the table, he turned toward his guest; and then Katy saw that he was a satin; dark in the shade, but wan a golden glint in the sun.

"Tousin Taty" came sweeping down the path, in trailing habit, high hat and riding gloves, and giving the tow-head a tweak of the nose and a kiss, replied mischievously. "Doin to'e woods to find'e Bear's House."

"Don't go far, Katy," called the mother of the urchin, from the house door.

"Tousin Taty" came sweeping down a somewhat florid face, clean shave excepting the upper lip, which was covered by a heavy mustache of light brown, a full, keen blue eye, a nose slightly aquilene, hair a shade derker than the mustache, and altogether, what she pronounced a decidedly handsome man, though rather stout in figure.

A slight shadow of surprise crossed his face at encountering a lady and a

and you are a periect stranger, you know, and it will be the easiest thing in the world for you to get lost. And if you should, you might ride for hours without seeing a house or any person to direct you home."

stranger. Surprise, however, quite unmixed with displeasure; and surely the man must be a misanthrope past salvation, who could feel displeasure at sight of Katy's bright dark face; at this time, flushed and eager, with a dash of anxiety, embarrassment and fun visible in the brown eyes and fine mobile features.

Lifting his hat, he bowed, and then hastily bringing forward a chair, asked her to be seated. "Thanks, no," she replied, and then

in a few words made him acquainted with her situation, adding: "I trusted cantered gaily away.

There was a hist of rain in the soft moist October air, and in the lightclouds he has brought me here instead. Could be has brought me here instead. Could be has brought me here instead. that at times hid the face of the sun; you oblige me by sending some one to but to Katy, fresh from the prairie counguide me to my uncle's, Mr. William Dare ?"

"Mr. Dare's! To-night!" exclaimed the gentleman, whose name, by the way, was Dr. Ray—Katy learned it later—
"Do you realize, young lady, that you are fifteen miles from Mr. Dare's, and that it is raining unlimited numbers of road," a winding avenue, shut in over- those traditional cats and dogs, and

"Doubtless he did," was the reply. "He has the bad taste to prefer his old plunging again into the pleasing gloom master to his new one. I sold him of the pines. Once or twice she passed to Mr. Dare a year ago or so, and a house with a few sandy fields about it, he takes every opportunity that offers and ragged, suchurnt children playing to pay me a visit. Hear the rascal whin-

"Certainly, if your going to night is inevitable. I will go myself—there is no one else I would like to send. But my advice is, that you content yourself to remain here till morning. Your uncle's people are well aware of Barney's little weakness-strange they should not have warned you against it; they know where you are, and that you are safe,

depend upon it," replied the doctor.
"But I fear," said Katy, not at all pleased with the idea of spending the night in a strange house, alone with a strange man, though the other alternative of riding fifteen miles through the pines with him had less attractive features still. "I fear that I shall incenvenience you too much, as you are quite alone. There are other houses near, I believe; could I not be accommodated at some one of them with less trouble?"

"There is but one place in this immediate neighborhood where you could be even tolerably entertained, and that is at the h use of my head sawyer-and unfortunately it would be very inconvenient if not impossible for them to take you in to-night, two of the family being dangerously ili; but there is a farmhouss some two miles further along, where no doubt you could find a elter and a welcome, and I will accompany von there with pleasure, if you persist in refusing to remain my guest; which I sine rely hope you will not do. I as sure you that so far from your incommoding me you will confer a favor upon me by remaining. Our 'guest chamber' is quite at your service, or, if you pre-fer, you can occupy Mrs. Page's room, where, by the way, I trank you can find plenty of dry clotning to take the place of those wet garments you have on. My housekeeper is one of the neatest of old ladies, as well as the most obliging, and you need feel no hesitation in making a temporary use of anything of her's you

During this speech, Kuty had been closely studying the countenance of her would be host, and after it was ended, her clear penetrating gaze continued to rest there so searchingly that he could but not notice it. He bore this scrutiny, which lasted for a minute or more, bravely, though he colored a little, and then laughingly asked :

"Well, do I look like a brigand?" It was Katy's turn to blush now. She was not aware that her manner had betraved her thoughts so completely. She hastened to atone for her rudeness by replying with genuine frankness:
"No. sir! You look like a gentleman,

show you to Mrs. Page's room, and to beg of you to make yourself quite at home there. And while you are exchanging your wet clothing for dry, I will attend to the wants of my friend Barney; and then we will partake of my bachelor's fare."

Katy quickly exchanged her wet riding habit for a clean, dark calico wrapper, with a neatly crimped muslin ruffle at the neck, and then returned to the supper room. She tasted "the big bear's porridge," she thought, as she seated herself at the table, and took the proffered cup of tea from her entertainer.

The meal over and the table cleared,

Dr. Ray brought forward a huge port-folio of drawings and engravings. When these were exhausted—which was not soon, for Katy was an enthusiastic adsoon, for Katy was an enthusiastic admirer of pictures, and there were sneedotes and adventures, and legends connected with many of them, that she must hear—they turned with one impulse to the organ. They were both thorough performers and ardent admirers of music; and as piece after piece was played and commented upon and criticised, the time went by sall unheeded until 12 o'clock surprised them still at the in-

strument. "I am profoundly grateful to Barney for this one evening's solid enjoyment," said the doctor, as he handed Katy her bed-room candle, and bade her good-

Katy's aunt and the Tow Head were waiting at the gate the next morning, when she, accompanied by Dr. Ray, drew rein before it.

"Oh you good-for-nothing Barney said Mrs. Dare, shaking her fist at the horse. "I called for you, Katy, to tell you of his undying affection for Dr.Rsy,

that manifests so much intelligence and devotion. I'm sure that I never

" I'd buy him back this minute," said

Dr. Ray, impulsively, if—"
He stopped quite as suddenly, looking somewhat confused at the inquiring glances bent upon him; and singularly enough, it was six months or more before he finished the sentence, although there is no doubt but that Katy guessed

one stormy night were my wife." Well, Katy is not his wife yet, but

she wears his ring, and Barney will go back to his old master in a few weeks.

A Marquis Convicted of Forgery.

A criminal trial of peculiar interest and extraordinary character has just terand extraordinary character has just terminated at Bologna, Italy, in the conviction and sentence to eight years of penal servitude of Guiseppe Mantegazza, sixth Marquis of Liscate. He was brought to trial on the 16th of August, charged with forgery, fraud, and falsification, and it was proved that he forged the names of King Victor Emanuel, Prince Humbert, of Savoy, and the British Consul at Florence, and others, to bills of exchange of the stimulating effects of liquor after the exhaustion of fashionable dissipation, or when it is desired to start a gayety that does not come spontaneously. The stimulant soon and easily becomes a necessity, and before she herself is aware of it the woman is a toper.

Within the last twenty years the freedom with which women drink wines and other liquors has become greater and fact that he was known as one of the King's private financial agents assisting greatly in the success of the frauds. the oldest and most illustrious houses in Italy, tracing his descent back to the year 962, and his trial upon the charge of forgery has attracted attention throughout Europe. In a statement made in court he acknowledged that all the bills and documents mentioned were forgeries, but he actually denied their authorship. He claimed to have been employed by the King and the Prince in bona fide transactions, and in this way was brought into connection with a per son whose name he refused to reveal? Under that person's authority, which he believed to be sufficient, he professed to have acted in good faith, declaring that it was not until the thing had gone too far to permit of his retreating that he discovered the true state of the case. It appears, however, that the evidence failed to corroborate this version of the affair, and the noble Marquis was as severely punished as though he were the commonest felon.

A Basket of Babies.

While Maj. Howrigan, the ever-active by two men. Howrigan stopped them and inquired:

"What's that in your basket? Take it to the baggage car."
"It's a basket of babies,"

"Twins?"

the center of the basket.

"No; two boys and a girl, all that are left out of four. "Good Lord deliver us! You can pass on," said the Major, almost dumb-founded at the sight of three healthylooking infants nestling down asleep in

Then the mother came up-a bright buxom, rosy-cheeked woman, as pretty as a peach. She blushingly smiled upon the dumbfounded Major as she remarked:

"Yes, sir; those are mine; I am their

mother. There were four of them, but The happy couple nad been married five years, and have had nine children during that period; eight of them are alive and healthy. They come from Granville, Licking county, Ohio. The

THE WINE CUP.

The Coroner's inquest in the Bravo case, in England, says the New York Sun, brought out many startling facts concerning the manner of life of a family which moved in a high circle of English society and exjoyed all the advantages and luxuries of wealth. The revelation made of the meral character of both Mr. and Mrs. Bravo is of a sort to awaken the sent if not to avaite great to awaken thought, if not to excite great surprise, in any one who knows some-thing of the tone of modern fashionable

But there is only one of the facts disclosed, a skeleton snatched from the closet of the Bravo household, to which we shall now refer. It is that which concerns the drinking habits of Mrs. Bravo. It seems that she was an inordinate consumer of intoxicating liquors, and was not a stranger to actual drunk-enness. On the night of her husband's enness. On the night of her husband's poisoning she was so far gone under the effects of a bottle of sherry, to say nothing of drinks between drinks, that she was unable to comprehend the exact situation when it was explained to her. Nor was this an exceptional experience with her. She was in the habit of getting into that condition, and the fact ting into that condition, and the was known to all her servants. Yet she was a lady who frequented the country houses of the English nobility, and previous to the poisoning of her hus-band, spite of her intrigue with Dr.: Gully, and her drinking propensities, was welcomed in high society, and bore a character which had not been re-

The fact regarding the drunkenness of Mrs. Bravo suggests the inquiry whether said Mrs. Dare, shaking her fist at the horse. "I called for you, Katy, to tell you of his undying affection for Dr.Rsy, but couldn't make you hear. I ought to have thought of it sooner. I was a little uneasy about you, but no one else was. They all said that you were safe enough with Mrs. Page."

"For my part," said Katy, stroking Barney's glossy neck, "I don't see how anybody could bear to sell a horse that manifests so much intelligence and devotion. I'm sure that I never there was not some truth in the declaraquaintances, but necessarily known to their doctors, are of a sort to warn all women against seeking to gain the arti-ficial excitement to be got out of alco-

holic stimulants.
It is undoubtedly true that many of our women who indulge in the dissipa-tions of fashionable society are given to fore he finished the sentence, although there is no doubt but that Katy guessed its purport long before that time.

For fear some of my readers do not feel sure what it was, I will report it verbatim: "If the girl he brought me one stormy night were my wife."

tions of fashionable society are given to drinking champagne and even spirituous liquors. The practice also is growing, and its baleful results are apparent to any one who is well acquainted with the lovely creatures who adorn our gay saloons of fashionable society are given to drinking champagne and even spirituous liquors. The practice also is growing, and its baleful results are apparent to any one who is well acquainted with the lovely creatures who adorn our gay saloons of fashion. Not long ago a young girl, who had developed a charming capacity for music and a happy social tact, became so hopeless a victim of dipsomania that she was taken to an asylum, where her appetite could be restrained—a complete and shattered wreck at the opening of womanhood. This is only one case out of many. The habit starts with the experience of the

Florence, and others, to bills of exchange other liquors has become greater and and papers drawn for the purpose of obtaining money, besides counterfeiting fashionable life who really seem to have the official stamp of the British Consulate at Florence. He was successful in to carry their wine, brandy, and liquors realizing upward of 500,000 francs by with a steady gait and a tongue in no discounting this spurious paper, the wise thickened; but the more delicate nervous organization of a woman causes the effects of the strain to be more serious than in the case of a man. A wo Mantegazza is a member of one of man, too, who once acquires the habit of drinking is apt to consume an enormous amount of liquor of all sorts. If our physicians who practice among the fashionable people of the city could re-veal their knowledge on this subject, it would astound the public.

The Servian Retreat.

It was a horrible nightmare, that march from Saitschar. Cannon roaring, flames lighting up the valley, gusts of thick smoke driven athwart the hill faces, the heavens lightning flashing against the lightning of man, a narrow, steep road crammed with fugitives fleeing from the cannon thunder, blazing smoke, women clamoring wildly that the Turk is close behind them, children shrieking or sobbing, animals, oxen, sheep, swine, poultry, in an inextricable entanglement on the Via Dolorosa. Ask these miserable, panic stricken fugitives, crushing forward as if the plague chased them, how they like war. No. Ask this man with knitted brow and quivering lips, who, with musket on one shoul-der, child on the other, strides on and watchful manager in the depot shed, through the mud, thinking of the crops was directing the Eastern arrivals to on his acres that he leaves behind, altheir trains yesterday morning, his watchful eyes lighted upon a basket. It was a common clothes basket, carried through the right hand, how they relish war now, as they tramp homeward, certainly not to glory. Is it not time to interfere in a struggle which is not war breast to breast, man to man, weapon to weapon, but agony unspeakable to fugi-tive women and children? To the nightmare of horror succeeded a day even more heart-rending. For hours there raged on the lofty shoulder of Urtanj, above thousands of exposed fugitive families, a thander-storm of a violence I have never seen equaled in the tropics. Hail-stones as big as walnuts dashed down among the miserable creatures already drenched, and standing or lying in pools of water. The wail of the children, the shrieks of the women, the rushing of horses and cattle, amid the lurid gloom of this terrible storm, seemed like a foretaste of the day of judgment - Belgrade Cor. London Daily News.

A Resurrectionist.

Prof. Nixon, who does business under Granville, Licking county, Ohio. The proud father has sold enough photographs of his triplets to pay his family's expenses out to Kansas.—Kansas City Times. half an hour burst from the tomb at the

boards about a foot and a half below the surface, and these were covered with earth. When the coffin was lowered into its place and the grave was filled up, the corpse kn cked out the head-board and grul be I his way through the six inches of earth that separated him from the blind well. Crawling into it, and having enough air to keep him alive for several hours, he quietly swaited the signal for resurrection.

Fall Pashions.

SLEEVES are no longer worn very tight; a seam carried to the elbow is now used; but few flaring or open sleeves are made.

Turbans will probably be the fash-ionable round hat, next seasen; but, in-stead of being worn far forward as at present, they are to be placed far back on the coiffure, as bonnets are now

CHERRIES, currants and other small fruits are used, not only for trimming bonnets and hats for the country, but on evening dresses of white tulle or muslin are fringes of cherries or of berries pendent from their stems in a natural manner.

EAR-RINGS made of black velvet or of watered ribbon are in fashion abroad. The ribbon is doubled and held by a small buckle of silver or of cut steel for day wear, or of pearls or diamonds for full dress. At the back of the bow is a ring for passing through the lobe

MONOGRAM stockings, to be worn with low walking-shoes, are worked on the instep; as this fashion is not confined to the ladies, monogram stockings have shared with gloves the honor of being lost and won at the races.

CARDINAL RED is the only wear just now. Whether she be brunette or blonde, as dusky as a Cuban or as fair as a Danish princess, no lady, unless she utterly repudiates fashion, can go without it. Fashion has declared that this sanguinary shade does "become" every height, breadth and complexion, and the eternal laws of harmony of color go for nothing.

go for nothing.

Fall bonners have close-fitting capote fronts with high, pointed crowns. The front or brim is so close that only a slight pleating of lace or silk, or else a small twist is allowed for face trimming, with perhaps a little cluster of flowers stuck on the edge of the brim. Many of these high-peaked crowns are too prononce to please ladies of taste, but a happy medium is found in lower tapering crowns that preserve enough of the ing crowns that preserve enough of the sharp outline to be stylish. Velvet reasserts itself as the handsomest material for dress-bonnets. Indications are that felt has had its day of popularity, except for second-best bonnets; the coarseness of American felts has brought it into disfavor. There is an effort to revive plush as a fabric for bonnets, but it has not been largely bought by American brivers. Long and ample strings, to be tied under the chin, will be found on most imported bonnets. These strings are of the ribbons known to milliners as Nos. 16 and 22. The handsomest ribbons are gros-grain on one side and satin on the other. - Harper's Bazar. CORSETS AND BUSTLES.—Lace corsets

corsers and Bustles.—Lace corsets are made of strong white or ecru linen net, with supple bones, and are edged with Valenciennes or with Mechlin lace, and brightened by narrow ribbons of blue or scarlet around the top. These are of French make, with low bosom expensive thin corsets probably the coolest are those of grass linen, either white or ecru, with contil center pieces passing around the waist to give them these cost \$2.50. Others have lengthwise puffs and pleated frills of the grass linen sewed on a plain foundation. Muslin bustles, entirely covering the bones in them, and arranged so that the bones may be easily removed when the bustle is to be washed, are \$3.50. The light skeleton bustles, with covers for the bottom hoops, are preferred by many; these cost \$2.75 when well made. Ladies who object to using hoops of any kind make their bustles of crinoline flounces. They buy four yards of the crinoline muslin for each bustle. This has thick cords crossing each other, washes well, retains the starch, and costs twenty cents a yard. A long sloping foundation is cut, and is then covered with flounces of the same gathered on cords and starched stiffly.—Harper's Bazar.

Deadwood City and its People. On Sunday afternoon, after two days

more of the roughest riding I ever ex-

perienced, our wearisome march was ended at Deadwood City. The town lies in the bottom of a long and deep guice, through which Deadwood and Whitewood creeks wind their tortuous way close beside each other. The name of the region is derived from the vast number of dead pine trees which hae the hillsides in all directions, and lend a gaunt and spectral appearance to the landscape. The city itself lies through a greater part of the gulch bottom, and consists of a double row of rough board and log cabins lying on either side of the single street. The day of our arrival being Sunday, the town was thronged with miners, who had come in from their claims in the vicinity to spend a tithe of their vast earnings for the week. Standing at the head of the thoroughfare, and looking over the long stream of moving humanity, I estimated the number of persons to be about 5,000. Gambling saloons, dance houses and bar-rooms were all in full play, opening publicly from the street.
A little knot of people gathered with uncovered heads in the middle of the roadway marked the progress of an afternoon prayer meeting — the full solemnity of worship, surrounded by the reckless hilarity of a frontier mining camp. The contrast was sharp and striking. A general view of the faces which surrounded me as I passed up the street was not conducive to a favorable preconception of the character of the inhabitants. A rougher and more THE PORT LAUREAGE.—There is a reported disagreement in the family of Tennyson. He is a Spiritualist, but his wife is not, and will not hear the subject mentioned in her presence. Thus the husband is in one world while the wife is in another—theoretically, at least.

half an hour burst from the tomb at the sound of a brass bugle blown by a colored Gabriel, and immediately called for a drink of whisky. The grave was six feet deep. About eight inches from the headboard the trickster had dug a blind well about six feet deep. This was roofed with thin —Letter to Springfield Republican.

A few days since, the poor crazy Embroard in the character of the inhabitants. A rougher and more desperate looking crowd, generally speaking, I never saw. Horse thieves, gamblers, murderers, surrounded me on every side. New mining camps are the trickster had dug a blind well about six feet deep. This was roofed with thin —Letter to Springfield Republican.

—Letter to Springfield Republican.

Rrength for to-day is all that we need.
As there never will be a to-morrow;
for to-morrow will prove but another to-day
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life with such grave and sad persistence, and watch and wait for a crowd of ills That as yet has no substence?

Strength for to-day—what a precious boon For the earnest souls who labor. For the willing hands that minister To the needy friend or neighbor. Strength for to-day—that the weary hearts
In the battle for right may quail not;
And the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears,
In their search for light, may fall not.

TRENGTH FOR TO DAY.

Strength for to-day, on the downhill track,
For the travelers near the valley
Tast up, far up on the other side,
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day—that our precious you May happily shun temptation.
And build from the rise to the set of sun On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day—in house and home To practice forbearance sweetly— To scatter kind words and loving deeds, Still tru-ting in God completely.

Strength for to day—is all that we need, As there never will be a to-morrow; For to-morrow will prove but another to-day, With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Wit and Humor.

A FEATHERED fraud-The gull. Business circles-The wheels of trade. COUNTER-CLAIMS-Your wife's shop-

With what faculty ought a common street thief to be eminently endowed? Purse-pick-acity. - Punch.

"I YIELDED to his earnest persuasions," as the young widow said, after trying two years to catch an old bach-

Ir you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them .- Thoreau "WHAT would you like?" suid Jones,

the other night, to Miss Smith, as he led her into the refreshment room.
"Pop," was the blushing answer.
Jones didn't see it. An old gentleman, whose nose was not

only very large, but very highly colored, was asked by George IV. how much it had taken to paint it. "Sire," was his reply, "I cannot tell you, for it is not finished yet."

THE new necktie for ladies is made in the shape of a bell, and is called the Centennial belle. It is very costly, and is very true to nature, except that the tongue is too small and isn't hung on

Or a picture of Moses in the bul-rushes, where Miss Pharaoh seems to be "leaving him to be drowned," the Philadelphia Bulletin wants to know whether it is a water-culler or a Nile painting.

HERE is a Machester, N. H., obituary,

of the "I'll never tell" style:

Benjamin Maraton died in 1754,
Being 57 years old.

Art thou curious, Reader, to know
What sort of a man he was? Wait
Till the day of final Retribution
And then thou mayst be satisfied.

Says a Boston paper: "When we come to think of it, there is but very ittle difference between a postage stamp and a boy hanging on behind a cab. The first you have to lick to make it stay on, while the latter you have to lick to make him stay off."

with Valenciennes or with Mechiin lace, and brightened by narrow ribbons of blue or scarlet around the top. These are of French make, with low bosom darts, and quite short on the hips. They cost from \$10 to \$14. Among interpretable this corrects probably the waited I might have kept the money. waited I might have kept the money. nobody knows how long.'

WHEN a common school teacher in Virginia found upon his examination strength. They cost \$1.25. Grass linen as also used for the long, slender bastles now in fashion. In some models the grass linen has cases for bones, and is shaped like the back of a hoop-skirt;

A 5-YEAR-OLD tot, who had always closed her prayers with "and God help Katy to be a good girl," opened her eyes at that point, the other night, and said very decidedly : "I ain't going to say the rest, for I don't want to be a dood girl, I want to est green apples and

"Ir you don't bit the cat on the back-yard fence with the first peach stone you throw at it the trouble is you have to keep on enting peaches until you do."—Boston Globe. Peach stones! Why don't you snap apple seeds at the monster if you wish to knock its head off.—Graphic.

THE boy that corrected his mother, and called the table-cloth a sheet when she had company, at night took a different view of things, as he occasionally caught glimpses of a floating slipper that fluttered in the air in eccentric gyrations. One could see how early in the stormy years of this brief life, one may begin to suffer for the truth.

" THE baby was doubled up with the eramps," says the Brooklyn Argus, "and yelling at the rate of a mile a minute, as the father and mother stood over the crib with the laudanum bottle between them. 'No, Mariar,' be said, gently but firmly, 'you pour it out; that child's growing so much "te your mother that I can't trust myself."

THEY had scarcely got back from the funeral, and the bereaved husband had but bitten into a sandwich when his oldest boy came up from the cellar with his face aglow with distress. "Oh, pa," he breathlessly exclaimed, "The bung has come out of the cider barrel, and it's all over the cellar." "Well, I declare," gasped the stricken man in a d-spairing voice, "One trouble follows right on the heels of another. First my wife went, an now it's the cider. I shan't try to live."

That Hand.

They sat in the parior, and he squeezed her hand. "O, would this hand were mine," he sighed. "Why?" she sim-pered. "Because if it was mine I could knock a bullock down with it better than with a sledge-hammer." The last seen of that young man, he was trying to climb on top of the house by means of the water-spout.

A few days since, the poor crazy Em-